

# Twister

by SpartacusDA

This story may contain bizarre, unrealistic and occasionally ridiculous content. It is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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“Right hand blue.”

I squatted down and pressed my hand to the circle by my feet. A shadow moved across my extended knees as a collection of large soft shapes intruded on my personal space. My roommate placed her own hand very close to my bottom, on the adjacent blue circle.

*‘How did I get talked into this?’*

I asked myself, as Gracie’s J-cup breasts pressed into my upper arm. Of course I knew I hadn’t been talked into anything. I was a gymnast all through high school, and had only quit the college team because of a bad ankle sprain during my freshman year, last year. I should have been dominating at fucking Twister!

“Spin it!”

Gracie smiled widely and practically vibrated in place, her inches and pounds squishing into my side. The overgrown hourglass almost knocked me over as I tried not to blush.

I spun the arrow again.

“Left foot yellow.”

I slid my foot forward slightly to connect with the appropriate circle. Gracie, on the other hand, brought one thick leg around in a wide arc to claim the circle next to mine.

She was now standing directly in front of me, as if going into downward-facing dog. With her right hand beside my ass, soft arm pressed into my hip and leg, I was presented with a full screen view of Gracie’s incredibly small tank top, and down its front. Fat, fleshy tits, perfectly round and smooth, filled my eyes as I failed again at not blushing.

“Come on Sammy, spin it!”

I should have been winning. Or at the very least I should have been upset about losing. I wasn’t sure what I was feeling, aside from embarrassment and a strong urge to flee.

I spun the dial again.

“Left hand blue.”

Reaching my hand around Gracie’s arm to touch the circle, I looked up at my roommate’s looming form and swallowed hard.

Gracie’s free arm swung and slowly reached for the floor. What had to be over 250 pounds now of curvy hips, bubble butt, and the biggest tits I’d ever seen inched closer and closer.

Her right arm now pressed into my ribs, the left stretched out to my side, and my front row seat to Gracie’s Cleavage Show turned into a hands-on exhibit. It wasn’t so much that she pushed me down, but with a face full of boobs there was no way for me to breathe without motor-boating my roommate.

I collapsed to the floor.

“Woo hoo! I win again!”

Gracie jumped up and down, her ridiculous boobs wobbled and her big full ass jiggled, and I could swear I felt the room shaking.

*'Dumb. This building's made of stone walls, one thicc girl jumping around isn't shaking the building.'*

Gracie skipped over to the kitchen area, where a dark brown cake sat on a platter. White frosting dripped down from the top and a ring of cherries sat in plump frosting roses.

*'I guess it's better that I'm losing. I don't think I could eat more than one piece of that damn cake.'*

Gracie plated a large slice of Black Forest cake and grabbed her fork. On second thought maybe I should have been trying to keep my roommate from eating so much of it, taking one for the team as they say.

As the first bite of spongy chocolate and frosting slid down Gracie's throat, her leggings stretched a little tighter and the straps of her tank top creaked.

She'd been half this size when we started playing.